Under The Cold Moonlight by BlackStar3991

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Summary:

“Told you to plant your damn feet”, he heard Billy say in a low voice. “The fuck are you doing here, Harrington?” He sounded angry, and maybe... Sad? But that usual aggressiveness seemed to be missing, so Steve shrugged in response and stepped closer.

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Steve goes for a walk at night and runs into a fucked up Billy.

Under The Cold Moonlight

Author's Note:

> Note 1: Inspired on a scene from the fic "Who's Gonna Drive You Home?", by LaVeraceVia.
> I don't know how to fucking tag the links here, sorry everyone
>
> Note 2: FUCK, this was my first ever fic, I can't believe it took this long (actually I totally can, procrastinating is a life style).
> But for real, I've never written fanfiction before and I know this is probably shit.
> Feedback is sooooo welcome (just be kind, lol)
>
> Note 3: English is not my first language and I wrote this on a hyperfixation afternoon, and posted almost immediately before I regretted. So please forgive any mistakes.

Lying in bed, Steve looked around the dark room and then to the clock. 3am. "Fuck this shit", he thought, passed a hand through his hair and got up. Restless in the empty house and not in the mood for moping around, he changed his clothes and went for an aimless drive. The portal or whatever is closed now, right? There's no reason to be so worked up anymore. Right? It's been weeks since anything particularly weird happened, but the feeling of unease never truly left.

Driving slowly and lost in thoughts, only now he realized where he was going. Steve was almost at the quarry. Parking the car at the side of the road near some trees, he looked out of the window for a few seconds. The darkness out here somehow seemed less menacing than the darkness in his own room. Drumming his fingers on the steering wheel a bit, he sighed again and got out of the car. The night was chilly but not too cold, and the full moon made it an inviting time for a head-cooling walk. The only sounds were of the wind and the gravel crunching softly beneath his footsteps. Until now.

The sound of a painful grunt, followed by a shuffling of heavy feet some 4 meters to his right made Steve stop on his track. Hands clenching uselessly, missing his nail bat, he thought "Please, not this shit again". He remained still while he searched the origin of the noise, till he saw a silhouette leaning heavily against a rock. Huffing out a breath he didn't know he was holding, Steve decided that it was definitely human. Now that his panic was ebbing away, he realized that the moon provided enough light to recognize who it was. Billy fucking Hargrove. Well, fuck.

Too tired to be angry, but also not in the mood for another pounding, Steve tried to turn around and silently go back to the car. But as he was turning, he slipped on the gravel and, very loudly, managed to not fall on his ass. "Shit".

"Told you to plant your damn feet", he heard Billy say in a low voice. "The fuck are you doing here, Harrington?" He sounded angry, and maybe... Sad? But that usual aggressiveness seemed to be missing, so Steve shrugged in response and stepped closer, not without caution.

"Don't know." he said, "Walking. You?"

"Yeah. Something like that." This came out almost like a whisper, followed by a rough cough and a spit on the ground.

Looking almost black in the moonlight, Steve noticed it was blood. Surprised and honestly kinda worried (not that he'd let it show), he closed the space between them until he was right beside Billy. Now getting a good look at the boy's face, there was a cut on his brow, above a black right eye, and a swollen split lip. The way he leaned against the rock, he also held an arm around his stomach like it fucking hurt. Steve frowned and heard himself ask:

"Shit Hargrove, what the fuck happened to you?"

"None of your fucking business."

"Well, it kinda is if you plan on dropping dead here. I'm not going in for murder."

"Hah. Like you could take me, princess". His words still held no real

bite, which was odd.

And that's where Steve was trying to get at, actually - who the fuck could beat the shit out of Hargrove? So, trying to keep the banter-like talk, he continued:

"Oh yeah? Who did, then?" Billy just tensed up and didn't answer, so Steve went on. "'Cause, well, if you look like this, I'll make sure to stay the fuck away from the other guy." Without really thinking this through, he added "Or maybe I should high-five him." Still tense, Billy crossed his arms and looked away, biting on his split lip.

Only now realizing something, Steve looked around and frowned - the Camaro was nowhere to be seen.

"Wait, did you fucking walk all the way here? You look like you can barely sta..." He was interrupted mid-sentence by Billy finally snapping.

"Why the fuck do you care, Harrington?! Huh?!"

Wide-eyed, Steve stepped back and opened his mouth, not really sure what he was going to say, but Billy just got away from where he was leaning and went on, yelling:

"This is none of your Fucking. Business! But you know what?! Fine!" He shoved Steve, his eyes glassy and wild. "You wanna go high-five my old man? Be my fucking guest! I bet he's fucking proud of his handiwork!", he said while gesturing at his own face.

At those words, Steve's heart sank and he knew he'd fucked up. Bad. Now he had to defuse the bomb before things escalated. With his hands raised open in front of him, trying to calm shit down, Steve spoke slowly:

"Shit... I'm sorry, man. I shouldn't hav..." Interrupted by another shove, he could see that Billy was shaking, using all he got to stand there.

"Shut the fuck up, Harrington! I don't give a shit!" Billy's fist went for Steve's jaw, who dodged at the last second.

Steve kept dodging the fists and batting away at Billy's arms, figuring out how to avoid getting beaten to a pulp without hurting the other boy any further. His opportunity came when Billy staggered and had to lower his arms to keep balance, grimacing at the sudden move and bringing a hand back to his stomach. With quick movements, Steve placed himself behind Billy and threw his arms around him, locking the boy's elbows to his body, yelling:

"Stop!"

Billy tried to get himself free but, too injured to care anymore, he just stopped with his hands still resting on Steve's forearms. They remained motionless for a few seconds, Steve supporting most of his weight and feeling the other body shake with panting breaths. Not sure where to go from here, Steve spoke slowly and with a low voice:

"Billy, I'm sorry. I was an asshole. I should never have said that. I'm sorry." He could feel Billy's breathing getting rapid and, worried whether he was grasping too tight on his wounds, Steve asked in a softer voice "Are you okay? I don't wanna hurt you."

To this, Billy let out a choked sound that, for a second, made Steve think he was about to fight again. But then he felt the drops falling on his arms – Billy was crying. "Shit. Oh shit" he thought.

Billy's hands gripped tighter on Steve's forearms, but didn't push them away – in fact, he seemed to be pulling them even closer. Still at a loss on how to act, Steve started:

"Billy... Hey..." He felt incredibly stupid and had no idea what to say next, but he didn't have to - Billy's legs caved and Steve gently lowered them both to the ground.

Trying to be less awkward as possible, Steve placed Billy on a sitting position and moved himself from where he was behind the boy (never breaking the contact, always kept a steadying hand on Billy while he moved) to sit on his side, facing him.

Billy didn't seem to mind the touching, so Steve's hand gently nudged on his shoulder and pushed him into a hug. To be honest, Steve was half expecting another shove or punch in the face. Instead, Billy was

quick to bury his face on Steve's shoulder and grab fistfuls of the back of his shirt. Encouraged by this, Steve found himself rubbing a soothing hand on Billy's back while his other hand ran through the blond hair.

The comfort somehow seemed to break Billy even more, because his sobs grew louder. He never thought he'd see Hargrove looking so small and vulnerable; that felt wrong. The dampness on his shirt made his heart break, so he held Billy closer, if that was even possible.

For many long minutes they sat there, under the cold moonlight. At some point Billy's tears ran dry, but he didn't let go, so neither did Steve. He just kept on running his hands through Billy's back, refraining himself on the last second from giving him a light kiss on the neck. Because what the fuck Harrington? Only when Billy had another deep cough, did Steve remember that he was hurt and the night was getting windy.

"Hey, um", he murmured softly, punctuating it with a gentle squeeze around Billy "we should get you out of the cold." He felt Billy tensing up a bit and grabbing his shirt tighter, so he quickly added "we can go back to mine. Parents are out." Lowering his voice almost to a whisper, he said "It's safe, Billy." He felt Billy nod against his shoulder and take a deep breath.

Steve waited till Billy was the one to break the hug first, not wanting to discourage the moment. Once they got up, Steve kept an arm around the other's waist and supported him back to the car. During the walk, Billy kept meeting his eyes and then looking away, eyes cast down. At last Steve felt a hand covering his own, where it held Billy's waist, and heard a whispered

"Thanks."

Author's Note:

> Gods, how was it?
>
> If anyone likes this, I might write some more of this story <3